

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.

T. R. WALTON, Jr., Business Manager.

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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1877.

WHOLE NUMBER 287.

The Two Villages.
Over the river on the hill,
Lie both a village and still;
All around the forest trees
Shines a village to the scenes,
Over it swelling shadows go
Dissolving now and then in crow
And mountain clouds, like smoke,
Now in the mouth of every street.
There are two villages, both still,
Another village both still,
There I see in the cloudy night,
Taking start from household light,
I see that glows from the smoky door,
Mists that roll on the river shore,
And in the clouds no grass grow,
For the wheels that hove to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound or smoky or still;
The houses (shattered with grass and flowers,
Never a rock to tell the hours;
The sun has set, the day's what?
Now many never fall or sit,
All the village lie silent,
Never a grain to save or hope—
Never in dream to know or sigh,
Silent, and still, and there they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
More a noisy land in prayer
Leads to the other village there
And weeping and sighing, long to go
I go to them, from this village
Leave the village, the still,
Whither have I come and the child,
And lonely, weeping, this answer said—
Patient, that village shall hold ye all.

(Ludwig.)

Hymn.

A queen of noble Nature's crowning,
A solitude here was like an act of grace;
And when the sun was bright, the day was young,
Like daily breathes of the valley scene,
But if the sunlight, light was on her face,
A clear, real kindness, a lone beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvery in the stream
Of human thought, of manifold glory,
Not quite awaking, not quite a dream,
A vibration light and transitory.

(H. Tolpidge.)

Pulling in Love.

There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; whence it originates; how brought about—these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen, a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home, traveled a little, pursued their studies, attended parties, and been a good deal in the company of young people, yet they never took a very deep interest in anything particular—neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lot of a sudden, all changed. Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in—the whole world seems changed; life itself is changed; their whole being is changed, to be like what it was, again, never more.

Love is often as sudden as this; but not always. Sometimes it is of very slow growth! Persons have known each other for years, and been in each other's society, and been intimate all this time, but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship, when some incident or event—a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger, reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love. Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight.

It is not more friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Love lives to labor—it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is not when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack any thing and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward, save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose services it finds delight, at whose feet above it discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong, or too fervently used, to portray the service of love. By candle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hot and pale, the ministrations of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the shrill sounds of a woman's tongue.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a mooted question.

Some people appear to fall in love many times. It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husband, marry again, and even to love the second wife just as well as the first.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—Questions of importance by a four-year-old: "How do they get our souls out of our bodies when we die—out 'em out?" "Why don't we see the yellow envelopes the telegraph comes in, going 'long the telephone wires?" "If the Bible calls bad old folks goats, bad children are kids, isn't they?" "Is it too late for me to be a twin brother?" "Any rate, me and Little Green is twin cousins, ain't we?" "If you was me when you was a man, would you drive a hearse or join a circus?"

Read for Mother.

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, I'm old and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time, 'Send for mother!' and the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trusted her off and got her safely in your house, and she flies around administering rebukes and remedies by turns, you feel easier. It's right now, or soon will be—"Mother's Ease!"

In sickness, no matter who is there, or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, till you send for mother. In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well its touching aspect. The verdant young couple to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin; its wonderful sleep, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open, and its reptile-like & speechless lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shriek out, "Send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous, and given mother a good many "tease" talkings.

(Ludwig.)

Play Calling.

"What kind of house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh, play calling," replied the other. "Ma-ry, here, she can be Mrs. Brown, and sit on the step, and me and Julia will call on her and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and if the baby's got over the measles, and tell her how nice with her hand, and made him master of the £8,000." [Limerick Times.]

Did any one ever send for mother—and did she fail to come, unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her? And when, in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue as long as they are able. And when the aching bones, which none yet disregarded, though it will be a very stark one for you, then God, too, will send for mother.

Water.

Some years ago a ship sailing in the South Atlantic saw another making signals of distress. They bore down toward the sufferers and bailed them— "What is the matter?" cried the Captain through his trumpet.

"We are dying for water," was the feeble response.

"Dip it up, then!" shouted back the astonished Captain; "you are in the mouth of the Amazon River."

Amid enough, there those sailors were with parched lips and swollen tongues, supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when they were in the mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, with three hundred miles of fresh water all around them.

Thus are we, poor thirsty souls, sitting on the boundless ocean of God's love, heedless of the Divine voice, which saith, "If thou knowest the gift of God, and who giveth to thee, 'Give to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of Him; and He would have given thee living water."

An exchange says not long ago a young merchant who lives up town told his wife that he was compelled, from consideration of expediency, to take a customer from the country to the theatre. When his kindly wife made comments on the elaborate nature of his toilet for a rural person, he replied:

"Oh, you see, every thing depends upon impressing that sort of people favorably."

At this moment the merchants wife made his appearance.

"Well," said the deceiving husband, "did you see the gentleman I sent you to?"

"Yes, sir," replied the messenger.

"And you told him I had tickets for the theatre?"

"Yes, sir; and he said he was much obliged to you, and he would be happy to go with you, and he would wait for you."

"What was he doing?" said the unsuspecting wife.

"He was just fastening the strings of his pull-back," answered the youth.

He found himself a moment afterward on the curstoline, where he leaped with a sweet smile to the shrill sounds of a woman's tongue.

A fellow can't most always some times tell, and he ought, therefore, to be very, very careful.

As for instance: You don't know whether the woman standing in the bay window four squares away is shaking her handkerchief at you, or only whipping to death the poor misguided fly that dropped in to buzz a bit upon her window-pane.

The man whose mind and hands are busy, finds no time to weep and wail, if work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

The project of erecting a railroad

running from Glasgow Junction to a point near Mammoth Cave, is,

the yellow envelope the telegraph came in, going "long the telephone wires?"

"If the Bible calls bad old folks goats,

bad children are kids, isn't they?"

"Is it too late for me to be a twin brother?"

"Any rate, me and Little Green is twin cousins, ain't we?"

"If you was me when you was a man, would

you drive a hearse or join a circus?"

A Test of Affection.

A certain young lady, possessing more than ordinary accomplishments for her class of life, being the daughter of poor but respectable parents, on the death of a wealthy relative recently, became entitled to £8,000. When the glad tidings reached the ears of her neighbors, many wauw admirers flocked around the hitherto neglected beauty, and there was no end to the overtures of love. Previous to the turn of fortune's wheel, a young man of humble pretensions had been the young lady's only suitor, but the knowledge of her wealth placed a formidable barrier in his way and he contented himself with being a silent worshipper at a distance. Matters ultimately came to a crisis, and, in order to test the affection of his devotees, the young lady caused a report to be circulated that the supposed fortune was in reality only a sham, the mistake having occurred through a similarity of name. The intelligence had the effect of causing the visits of the young man to become less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. The humbly youth rejoiced at the change, and at once took the opportunity to console the mistress of his heart, who, to the surprise of all, awarded his sincerity with her hand, and made him master of the £8,000. [Limerick Times.]

(Ludwig.)

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 7, 1877.

W. P. Walton, Editor.

To the City News, Many Fools Will Die.—(Continued from page 1.)

A forty-day-show, lasting from the 4th of this month to the 20th of next, loudly called "THE LOUISVILLE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION," is now open for "suckers." This is not a circus nor a menagerie—no elephants and baboons, no spotted horses and striped clowns—but a sort of variety show made up of goods, wares and merchandise and queer inventions belonging to cunning men of the great city, attractively displayed for the admiration and temptation of rustics. In other words, it is a grand combination of business advertisements gotten up for the "gaynefule pillage" of the city of Louisville at the expense of those whose lots are cast in the agricultural regions and in the villages of the land.

Here the visitor can see at a glance to the very best advantage the choicest specimens of merchandise and ingenious handiwork now for sale low for cost in the biggest town of its size in America—specimens the like of which he can't even find in Louisville, except at the Exposition. He not only has the rare and inestimable privilege of seeing these advertisements and of being enticed thereby, but he is graciously permitted and even requested at the door to contribute peculiarly to the profit and glory of the enterprise.

This is eminently a paying institution. The proprietors derive large profits from the gate fees; the exhibitors heavy gains from sales made to the excited rustics; and the hotel keepers, saloon keepers, railroads, and even the thieves, all make a raise. It is rather a paying out show to the visitor. He pays for his Sunday clothes to go in; pays for his railroad ticket and that of his sweetheart (if he has one of the gadding about kind) and he pays right and left, fore and aft, going and coming, in fact pays himself clean out of means and into debt, unless he starts out uncommonly rich. But then who cares for expenses in this day of general prosperity, when all manner of business is so lively and so remunerative, when resumption with all its concomitant blessings (to some folks) is almost in sight? Surely now is the time to let our money slide.

Some may imagine that all of the amusement of this institution is to be monopolized by the "rural roosters," as a certain editorial scribe (or Pharisee) so wittily calls the country folks—but such is not the case by any means. The male and female swells of the great town are to have their full share of the fun too.

The grand display of gaudy dry goods, glittering gew-gaws and million-wheeled machinery, &c., &c., will not be a whit more gratifying to the eager curiosity of the "roosters" than the movements, manners, utterances, and toggery of the latter will be to the eye-glasses and ears of the swells and swells—es-ses aforesaid. What glorious giggling these metropolitans will have at the expense of their unsuspecting and admiring visitors, will never be found out. Certainly the pleasure and honor of affording to these superiors so much exquisite enjoyment, ought to be sufficient inducement for all who can to attend the Exposition.

But the most wonderful curiosity—the grandest creation of human cunning—is yet to be mentioned. This is the production of Joe Bradley, and is no less than a living president of a great nation made out of—nothing! Surely, no rational man, be he Radical or Democrat, Jew or Gentile, Greek or Mussulman, will throw away this opportunity to see with his eyes the big Betweenis who has so graciously consented to lend himself as a temporary advertisement to our metropolis. Better all go. It will be a long time before another president will be shown in a ring like that.

TROTTING RACES.—The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association are out with their Fall programme, commencing October 9th, and continuing five days, hanging up in premiums the handsome sum of \$6,200, divided into the following classes: Three-year-olds, 3:00, 2:27; four-year-olds that have never beaten 3:00, 2:34; 2:50, 2:30; two-year-olds, 2:40; three-year-olds that have never beaten 3:00; four-year-olds and 2:23 classes. Entries close October 1st, and addressed to P. B. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. From the above this should be the very best meeting ever given by the Association. They will use the splendid new track and ground of the Fair Association, and we predict a splendid success, both point of entries and attendance. *

In the presence of 18,000 persons, among them his 18 wives and numerous children, the body of Brigham Young, was, on last Sunday, consigned to its last resting place. Wife No. 19, which the name is Ann Elias, did not take a part in the obsequies. By the way, it is said that besides being the third largest depositor in the Bank of England, Brigham owns millions of dollars worth of property in this country. Wife No. 19 will no doubt try to get a hand in that.

WAKING 'EM UP.—The numerous newspaper articles in regard to Grove Kennedy and the negligent officials have had their effect in waking up the Commonwealth's Attorney, who moved the Court in session at Lancaster last week to issue rules against the Sheriff of Lincoln and Garrard, to show cause why they should not be fined for permitting Mr. Kennedy to go at large, when they had Bench Warrants against him in their pocket. The rule so far as Mr. Feland was concerned, was issued and sent to the Jailer of this county for execution. But when Mr. Feland appeared to answer the rule on Saturday last, he swore, as did his deputy, that no warrant had ever been received by him, and it finally turned out, if ever issued at all, that the Clerk had failed to send it because it would cost three cents, which tremendous expense he was unwilling to incur. Now this is a pretty state of affairs, a man charged with murder is permitted to go at large and disport himself at Crab Orchard with as little apparent concern as the most innocent pleasure-seeker, and no warrant is sent out because the Circuit Clerk of Garrard becomes suddenly tired of paying postage.

There is good deal of rotteness connected with this case which we intend to show up before it is through with. The Sheriff of Garrard and Lincoln counties are without excuse for their negligence in the case of Grove Kennedy, and should be promptly displaced from office. Two bench warrants were issued to these officers by special Judge Wickliffe for the arrest of the fugitive from justice, but the warrants have not been executed, notwithstanding the fact that Kennedy has been known to be within only a few miles of the officers themselves. They should be taught a lesson that they will not soon forget. Their conduct has been absolutely disgraceful.—*Louisville Evening News*.

Will always to give even the devil his due, we are prepared to say upon the sworn statements of Sheriff Feland and his deputy that no bench warrant for the arrest of Grove Kennedy had ever reached their hands until they appeared at Lancaster last Saturday in answer to the rule against them. Perhaps it would have been all the same if they had, but we will not judge them harshly. We understand that the Sheriff of Garrard had a warrant, however, but why he has made no attempt to serve it, it is perhaps best known to himself. A man serving in the humble capacity of a journalist has no right to inquire into the acts and short comings of officers. He might make some body mad.

HUNG BY A MOG.—Since the confession of Shuck, who was hanged for the murder of his father-in-law, times have been exceedingly hot for his compatriots in crime in Henry county. King Jim Simmons, the leader of the band that has been such a terror to that part of the State, was arrested on Shuck's confession, which implicated him, as were, also, Robert, Samuel, and Joseph Goodrich, and Dave Carter. The latter turned State's evidence, and corroborated the statements of Shuck. The four men named above had their preliminary trials, and were sent to jail without bail. But the infatuated citizens, fearing that Justice would take its usual tardy course, and perhaps finally end, after all the witnesses are dead, in an acquittal, took Jim Simmons and the Goodriches from jail and ornamented a neighboring bridge with their foul carcasses. The murders that have been committed by these men are surprising, both in number and atrocity, and the verdict of the public will be in favor of the mob that meted out vengeance to them.

A house of ill fame in Cincinnati, was undermined by workmen preparing for the foundation of a house on the adjoining lot and with a crash the den of infamy came down, burying a number of the workmen and killing two of the unfortunate female inmates outright. Several others were wounded and the "gentlemen" friends who were sharing the beds of some of the fallen angels appeared among the debris, minus every other piece of clothing except drawers. Two of the workmen were dead, in an aquittal, took Jim Simmons and the Goodriches from jail and ornamented a neighboring bridge with their foul carcasses. The murders that have been committed by these men are surprising, both in number and atrocity, and the verdict of the public will be in favor of the mob that meted out vengeance to them.

Gen. Gano is still preaching at Fairview; with what success we have not learned. The meeting at Paint Lick closed with about thirty additions, among whom were several elderly gentlemen of prominence. The tribute to Dr. McKey's eloquence and piety requires no comment. At the Presbyterian Church in Lancaster, on Sunday last, it being the occasion of communion service, the ordinance of baptism was administered to Mrs. Walker Throssel, Reid for the central ornament of the tables.

On Monday the schools opened. Our report as far gathered in is as follows:

The Lancaster Male Academy, fifty pupils; Franklin Institute, seventy-seven, with a number of other names sent in for next week's enrollment.

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The Interior Journal.

SCENEQUOJ, KY.,

Friday Morning, September 2, 1877.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Open the Noiseless State at Cincinnati's.

To Bowd & Stagg for School Books.

SMITH & MILLER are still buying Beef Hides.

ANDERSON & M. ROBERTS sell the "Meat State."

For Sale, a lot of Cards, cheap. Apply to W. P. Walton.

Buy your Books, Paper, Pens, Ink and Pensils, at E. R. Chennault's.

Call on Henry Hinsing for Boots and Shoes. He is dooming again.

Go to E. R. Chennault for School Books Large stock at publishers' prices.

Common School Books, Copy Books, and Plates for sale by Anderson & McRoberts.

A good assortment of Spectacles at low prices, just received at Anderson & McRoberts.

Pocket Knives and Smith & Wesson's Pistols, at reduced prices, at Anderson & McRoberts.

A new Stock of School Books, Sister Copy Books, Pens, Ink and Paper is now complete in every way. Come and buy.

Anderson & McRoberts.

Mrs. L. Hartley wishes her friends and patrons to know that she has all the latest and fashionable Millinery Goods. Her place of business can be found by her sign "Millinery and Dress Goods."

S. N. MATHENY, the best Merchant Tailor in the Kingdom, has on hand, and is constantly receiving, a splendid stock of goods for Fall and Winter wear, and always guarantees a good fit.

To Bohm & Stagg for Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Job Whiskies, Brandies and Wines for Medicinal uses; Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery of all varieties, Pocket Knives, Pistols, Gums and Pins, Umbrellas, Powder, Shot, Caps, Fishing Tackle, Sweet Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Large Case and Headgear, Extra Cloth, Gowns and Bedding, Window Glass, Mirrors, Lamps and Fixtures, Pictures, Frames and Moldings, Folding Hat Boxes, Pains and Oils of all colors and kinds. Prescriptions carefully filled at any hour day and night.

LOCAL NEWS.

A slender line of Bindings just received at Hayden Bros.

A large lot of the best glazed stones were at Wearen & Evans.

We acknowledge with thanks, a box of superior fruit from Miss Mesta Simpson.

Mrs. Baughman and Hall are progressing rapidly with their new building.

LAWRENCE for the marriage of Mr. James Ramsey to Miss Emily Jane Eppes, was sealed yesterday.

Farmers wanting the best Wheat Drill will find it at Campbell & Miller's.

The summer just ended has been remarkably pleasant, and there was less sickness in this locality than for years.

Mr. J. L. Dawson, Sr., caught 21 large rats in one trap, the other night and it was a good night for the business either.

The Stanford Female College will begin its next session Monday. We understand the prospects for a full school were never better.

LEXINGTON FAIR.—Messrs. Owen & Husted will commence running a Hawk next Tuesday, to congregate at Danville with the C. S. R. R. Extension Train to the Lexington Fair.

The like of which was never before heard of in Indiana, a whole car load of two horse wagons received at one time by Wearen & Evans, direct from a Wisconsin Manufacturer. A good two horse wagon with bed and bunks for \$75.

The crowd in town last Monday, County Court day, was large, and if we can form an estimate of the amount of goods sold at Hayden Bros. store, by the multitude of people who booked there, we would place our estimate very high. It is the popular resort for all who want cheap and excellent goods.

BUONA LEAVING LOUISVILLE, Miss. Annie Fisher, the head of John H. Craig's Millinery Establishment, spent two days at the great exposition in that city, expressly to examine the grand display of Fall and Winter styles of hats, flowers, silk, etc., and she will exhibit some of the most elegant of those styles to-day and to-morrow, to all the ladies who call at the store.

ALTHOUGH the Fall season has barely opened, we perceive that the store houses of Hayden Bros. is full of customers every day, and they are continually receiving and selling large bills of goods, not only to our own citizens, but to many from adjoining counties. They will have, in a short time, every shelf full of a splendid stock of goods in all lines.

SHERIFF FERGUSON and his deputy replied to the article that we clipping from the *Citizen Journal* last week, denying that they had ever received a bench warrant for the arrest of Keeney. They also took occasion to make a few "sarcastic" remarks about those little dunces that Watterson took with the distinguished outlaw while they were both guests of Crab Orchard Springs. Their letter appeared in the *Journal* of last Saturday.

Last evening Miss Anna L. Fisher, the accomplished Miller engaged by Mr. John H. Craig, arrived from Louisville with a beautiful stock of rare, new and beautiful Fall and Winter Hats, and all the new and lovely shades in flowers, silks, velvets, ribbons, satin, etc. She requests us to invite the ladies to call at her Head Quarters in Craig's Trade Palace and examine the beautiful stock, assuring them that they will be delighted therewith.

It is reported that a Hutchinson, bald-headed and most unwholesomely ugly, who has been for some time engaged in getting out staves, near McKinney's Station, and boarding in the family of a man who had a young and pretty wife and several small children, recently despoiled with the wife, leaving the husband and babies to mourn this rude invasion of their domestic peace. This traitor wife is said to be now in Stanford, awaiting the result of negotiations for the sale of certain car-loads of staves, before she continues her journey.

A. A. WARREN is agent here for the Singer, the best Sewing Machine made, and as good as any you ever put your tooth into, was presented us this week by Mr. E. H. Burnside. We'll get Mr. Burnside to write an article on "what he knows about raising sweet potatoes" and publish it for the good of the country.

DRUG RECEIVED.—Twelve hundred yards Hamburg Edgings, at 12¢ per yard, at John H. Craig's—great bargains.

WEAREN & EVANS have sold over two thousand fruit jars this season, and are still receiving and selling them daily.

MEN'S WEAR.—Mr. Jim. Thomas Payne to Miss Matilda A. Smith; and Geo. W. Wilcher to Miss Rachel Vincent, were married in this country on yesterday.

A CLOTHIER named Alex Gregory was judged in jail here, Monday, charged with stealing brandy from Mr. Bowes Camerer, near Waynesburg.

STUN.—Charles Yates, a half-witted negro boy, shot himself in the chin while shooting a shot gun the other day. The wound is quite severe, though it is not considered dangerous.

PERSONAL.—Miss Nannie Alemon left Tuesday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Parks, who lives at Liberty, Mo. Mrs. Larissa de Laney, of Columbia, Ga., arrived here this week with her niece, Miss Lucy Banks, who enters for next session in the Female College. Dr. J. B. S. Frisbie, of Kirksville, and Mr. Jas. Phillips, of Monticello, made us pleasant call this week. Misses Kate and Corrie Walker and Miss Mose of Louisville, were guests of Miss Annie Craig this week. J. L. Bruce, Esq., of the Danville Advocate, was here County Court day, J. T. Craig and J. H. Paxton left this week for school, the former to Vanderbilt University, Nashville, and the latter to Central University, Richmond. Miss Mary Myers, after a delightful trip to Virginia, arrived home Wednesday, in fine health and spirits. Prof. Jennings was to have arrived this week, but as he has not put in an appearance, it is feared that he got lost again.

A TEAM attached to a two horse wagon became frightened on Court day, and ran up Main street at a fearful speed, to the imminent danger of people and stock. One was hurt, and the only damage done was the overturning of a buggy that was struck in the mad career. The team finally hung up in a lot of stock on Jail Street and was caught.

HUNTERVILLE had a sensation last Saturday night growing out of the fight of Geo. Campbell (not "Philup") with Miss Maggie Green, to the poolie land of Tennessee. There was no present. A young brother of the bride expectant met the party on the road and failing to induce his sister to return, started to town for help to arrest them at the Station. In the darkness he made a headlong cavalry charge on a Spring wagon which he scattered in fragments, and was himself unhorsed and prettily badly bruised. The fugitives gained the train and reached Somerset, whence they proceeded on their way in bugles.

SPeaking of the Rev. Geo. H. Barnes, the Richmond Register asks: "Why can't we have this pious and eloquent custodian of Heaven in our midst? Others have tried and all failed; let us have this man and perhaps good may be done."

Bishop E. M. Martin, the eloquent and gifted minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has arrived at New York from his visit to the Missionary fields of China, whether he was sent to ordain young ministers there and inspect the work.

AT the last meeting of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church, the whole number of communicants in the United States was reported at 1,115, and the communicants 112,550. The Church owns 1,830 houses of worship.

The Tates Creek Association was held last week at Hay's Fork, in Madison county. T. P. Chenuit was elected Moderator, and G. R. Waters Clerk. The meeting was largely attended and was a most interesting and instructive one. The Association will meet next year at Waco, Madison county.

The meeting of that earnest and powerful worker in the cause of Christ, still routine, poor souls are daily aroused to a sense of their condition and led to accept the free offers of salvation. Mr. Barnes is certainly a wonderful man. His powers of description and his complete knowledge of scripture make even the most common place mention in the Bible, of deep and genuine interest. This added to his earnest and pleading manner draws sinners as if by magic. One hundred and eighty odd have, up to this time, taken the step which leads to life everlasting.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.—A week ago we sent out postal cards informing a number of our subscribers that their subscription had expired. The following took the hint and came to us: Mrs. H. J. Davis, \$2; Mrs. McCormick, \$4; Mr. Portman, \$2 (new); Mr. H. T. Ball, \$2; Mr. C. E. Simpson, \$2; Mr. Thompson, \$2; Rev. J. Ang. Williams, \$2; Mr. R. H. Moore, \$2; R. B. Padgett, \$2; Mr. H. Paxton, \$1 50 (new); A. N. McClary, \$2 (new); Jas. R. Wade, 50¢ (new); Cyrus Wm. Wade, 50¢ (new); Hiram Roberts, \$2 (new); Miss Annie Walls, \$1 (new). We are exceedingly obliged, ladies and gentlemen, and hope others will follow you good example, so that by next week we can publish twice as many as we do now.

MAURIED BUT NOT MATED.—For some time past Thos. Stepp, a gentleman of color, has paid increasing attention to Miss Ellen Hickman, also of color. Either by degree of the fates or some other reason, Miss Ellen failed to reciprocate the tender love of her admirer and strove on all occasions to avoid him. But Thos. would take no refusal so his amorous ardor last Thursday that he would procure the license she would marry him. Inheriting some of the doubtful qualities of his ancient namesake, Thomas took her at her word and invested the sum of \$1 in a license and having secured the services of a preacher saffled forth to be made the happiest of men. On arriving at her home he found every thing in readiness and the ceremony proceeded. The solemn words were spoken and Thomas procured the services of a boy, whom she dressed in woman's clothes and after having veiled him, made him take her part in the ceremony. When Thomas found out the joke that had been played on him he was frantic with mortification and rage—but unable to remedy matters he beat a hasty retreat followed by the minister, who also felt that he had been shamefully victimized. We have not heard what the would-be bridegroom is going to do about it, but as Miss Hickman is quite witty, it is more than likely that he may bring against her and compel her to pass over some of her ducats for her practical joke.

LAND STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

Graham, Herbert & Co., sold to Lewis B. Jones, 900 ewes at 3 cents per pound.

Peyton Embree sold to John Tewsey, of Boyle county, 5 mule colts at \$40 per head.

At Harrodsburg last Monday there were 150 cattle on the market, selling at \$10 to \$12 per head.

Dr. T. H. Montgomery bought of Lytle & Moore 100 ewes, at \$3, and 24 lambs at \$2 50 and \$3 per head.

Wood ashes and lime mixed and sprinkled over cabbage will, it is said, destroy those worms that infest them.

Mrs. Polly Carter's life interest in 98 acres of land near Hustonville, was sold on Tuesday Court day for \$100.

Mr. John M. Hall sent to Lexington this week, 600 No. 1 Ewes. He will offer them at auction on Court day, next Monday.

Hiram Roberts, Esq., Adm'r. of W. G. Saunders and D. L. Ballard, advertising the sale of their personalty at Crab Orchard, on Thursday, 13th of this month.

A SWEET potato as big as your head and as good as any you ever put your tooth into, was presented us this week by Mr. E. H. Burnside. We'll get Mr. Burnside to write an article on "what he knows about raising sweet potatoes" and publish it for the good of the country.

DRUG RECEIVED.—At Paul's Monday there were 350 to 400 cattle on the market, which were sold at prices ranging from \$3 to \$4 per head, the slight decrease in price being due to the lessened demand of 10 miles away, 200 were offered. Eighteen 2-year old bulls brought \$15 per head; 20 head were bid to \$14, and withdrawn. Briske bulls brought \$10 to \$12.

POPE'S REPORT.—At Paul's Monday there were 400 to 450 cattle on the market, which were sold at prices ranging from \$3 to \$4 per head, the slight decrease in price being due to the lessened demand of 10 miles away, 200 were offered. Eighteen 2-year old bulls brought \$15 per head; 20 head were bid to \$14, and withdrawn. Briske bulls brought \$10 to \$12.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 7, 1877.

Fifteen Years in Prison.

Here is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian Nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood's life in prison:

"Fifteen years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noiseless place; not more than ten feet square," he writes.

"During six years I had a companion—during nine years I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the gloominess of our cell. The first year, when we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—told of our joys and sorrows—over and over again. The next year we refrained from relating experience, and gave to each other our thoughts upon all sorts of subjects.

During the third year we grew silent. We were losing the power of reflection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke but seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it. During the fifth we were mostly silent. There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful.

During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out, whether to death or to liberty—I knew not. I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacuous face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom, always in the selfsame place—always an index of woe and suffering—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year, I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow.

One day, more than a year after my companion had been taken away, I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened, and a voice said to me: "By order of His Imperial Majesty I inform you, Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since." Then the door was shut. This great agony had been cast in upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life was behind me. Heaven grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for my liberty."

Yes, there is a depth of misery that wants no company, and many are the men who have found and suffered it.

Short Shirts, Short Waists, and Poco Bonnets Banned from Paris.

How will you like yourself dressed in the style of the empire, à la Josephine? Short skirts short waists, large poke bonnets, and big bags on your arms? Do you think it will be becoming to our style of beauty? I trust that in assuming this empire dress—if it is to be—we shall not be entirely deprived of our influence, as the women of the empire were, for it is a matter of history that the women of the empire were as remarkable for their depuration of influence as were the women of the revolution—for its enjoyment and exercise. But, candidly, it is said here that Faubourg St. Germain have decided to adopt it, and when the French Sinai issues its decree Americans will be the first to hear the reverberation.—[Extract from a Paris Letter of July 31st.]

A French story: A sergeant of the one hundred and tenth meets a peasant woman on the train: She—"What regiment do you belong to?" He—"The one hundred and tenth." She—"How lucky! My son is in the one hundred and eleventh, right next to you. Will you take him this han?" He—"With pleasure." (Takes it.) She—"Well, wasn't I in luck!" (Exultant smile). They have the han at the sergeant's nose of the one hundred and tenth for dinner next day.)

Beautiful women have ever been reputed a staple product of Kentucky, and from what I have seen here the rising generation promises to do no discredit to their fair ancestors. The prevailing type is tall, graceful, and engaging, excellent walkers and accomplished riders, complexion usually very fair, sunlit brown hair, blue and hazel eyes, good teeth, and small hands, with a slight air of hauteur thrown as a veil over the whole bearing.—[St. Louis Times.]

To PURIFY THE COMPLEXION.—Eat an orange or two every morning before breakfast, drink plenty of lemonade, not sweetened, never drink tea, coffee, nor any kind of stimulants; do not use soap on the face or neck; take a sponge bath every morning—either cold or tepid—in water made soft with powdered borax, teaspoonful in a basin of water.

According to Piney, the crow attains to 720 years, the raven 240, and the swan 200; all of which is doubtful. Parrots, however, have been known to reach 100, herons 52, storks more than 40, and gold-finches and nightingales, even when confined in cages, 24 years. Birds undoubtedly live much longer than mammals.

There are a mob according to law. This is what a young fellow thinks when he and another chap are courting the same girl.—[N. Y. Herald.]

What Country Papers Do.

An exchange conveys with considerable vigor the argument that the city papers, are cheaper and better than county papers, because they give more columns of reading matter for the money. Do the city papers, it asks, ever give you anything in regard to your county? Nothing. Do they contain notices of your schools, church-meetings, improvements, and hundreds of other local matters of interest, which your paper publishes without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw your attention to your county and its numerous thriving towns and cities in their progress and enterprise? Not a word. And yet there are men with such contracted views of this matter, that unless they are getting no money square inches of reading matter in their own as they do in a city paper, they think they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the person who took the largest pair of boots in the box, simply because they cost the same as a pair much smaller that fitted him.

A St. Louis paper tells a story of a disconsolate widower who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered in the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Well, I've lost gloves; I've lost umbrellas—yes, even cows and horses; but I never—no, never, had any thing to eat the same as a pair much smaller that fitted him."

The article continues: The gentle, moderate, yet effective, strict, and well-conducted operation of Dr. C. M. Lane's WORM SPECIFIC VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure serpentine ring along the lower eyelid, the nose is irritable, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with throbbing or throb of the ears; a mucous secretion of saliva; shiny or furrowed tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach at others, entirely gone; fleeting pain in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constipated; stools slimy; not infrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; difficult to belch; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hacking; cough sometimes dry and unproductive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. M. LANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; IT IS AN INNOCUOUS PREPARATION, NOT CAPABLE OF DOING THE SLIGHTEST INJURY TO THE MOST TENDER INFANT.

The genuine DR. C. M. LANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. M. LANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper. —O—

DR. C. M. LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

These pills are not recommended generally "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in afflictions of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Spleen. Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

REWARD OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar-coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. C. M. LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. M. LANE and FLEMING BROS. Sold by all respectable druggists and country storekeepers generally.

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all

serofulose diseases. Erysipelas.

Bone, Head, and Skin.

Uterine Diseases.

Female Complaints.

Female Diseases.

Female Complaints.